

so happy that tears came when she tried to talk.

"Oh, it's been a beautiful day, mamma! The girls and the teacher and everybody have been pleasant and kind and generous. I told my teacher that I liked Hospitable Sabbath very much, and wished they would have it often, and she said what did I mean. So then I told her how we'd been there to church and been there, and nobody cared till today. And she laughed and 'most cried, but she said Mrs. Pratt was our friend now, so all of 'em would be, but she should tell the minister and see if they couldn't have Hospitable Sabbath every week."

And the mother did not tell her what a mistake she had made, and Claire did not know until another year brought another Hospital Sabbath. But by that time she had made so many friends and was so happy that she could laugh over it herself. Mrs. Pratt said it was a blessed mistake, and she was so glad that the Lord had used "her little girl"—that was what she called Claire—to bring into the big, cold church the real "hospitable" spirit toward strangers. — Congregationalist.

#### FOR CHRIST IN THE HOME.

"It will sweep through the churches of America just as the Christian Endeavor did a generation ago," is the way one pastor put his opinion of the Family Altar League, which is now only in the seventh month of its existence.

The League was organized last autumn by the Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, on whom had grown the conviction that the Church must get back to the simpler devotional life if it is to retain its spiritual power, and that the home must again be recognized as the bulwark of the Christian faith. Those interested felt that such was the conviction of earnest Christians, but they were entirely unprepared for the flood of approval that followed the announcement of the undertaking.

Covenant cards will be sent free to any one on application at the headquarters of the League at 602 Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill., and to every one who takes the covenant, a beautiful wall-card certificate of membership is sent free of cost. Over thirty thousand covenant cards have been called for from every state in the Union and in foreign lands. The actual cost of the cards, including mailing, is twenty-six cents a hundred, and if those ordering cards desire to bear all or a part of the expense it will be appreciated, but in any case orders will be promptly filled.

The cards are being used in the Water Street Mission in New York city, and their missionary says, "We urge the erection of the family altar in the wrecked home that has become rebuilt by Grace Divine, and also in the homes of the 'newly-wed.' God bless the work."

**Crete Yields to Turkey:** Diplomatic advices received at Rome, Italy, convey the information that Crete has agreed to lower the Greek flag forthwith.

#### THE FEAST OF CHERRIES.

One morning during the siege of Hamburg (1812-1814), a weary merchant was slowly returning to his house. With other business men, he had been aiding in the defense of the walls. So severe had been the fighting that he had not taken off his clothes for a week.

He reflected bitterly that all his labor was in vain, for by the following day famine would have compelled a surrender. Passing through his garden, he found himself admiring his cherry trees, which were loaded with fruit. The mere sight was refreshing, and a thought occurred to the merchant. He was aware that the enemy was suffering from thirst. How glad they would be of that juicy fruit! Could he not by its means purchase safety for his city?

There was no time to lose, and he speedily made up his mind. He collected three hundred small children belonging to the city, had them all dressed in white and loaded them with cherry branches from his orchard. Then the gates were opened, and they were sent forth in the direction of the enemy.

When the commander of the besieging force saw the white-robed procession passing through the gates he suspected some trick, and prepared for battle; but when the children came nearer and he saw how pale and thin they were from want of food, tears filled his eyes, for he thought of his own little ones at home.

As the thirsty—and, in some cases, wounded—soldiers received the juicy fruit from the children's hands, a cheer arose from the camp. Love and pity had conquered. The little ones returned, accompanied by wagons of food for the famished citizens, and an honorable treaty for peace was signed the next day.

For many years the anniversary of the day on which this happened was kept as a holiday, its name being "The Feast of Cherries." The streets were thronged with children, each one carrying a cherry branch. Then they ate the cherries themselves in honor of their brave little forerunners, the saviors of their city of Hamburg.—Selected.

#### HAYDN AND THE SHEEP.

Like most great men, Joseph Haydn began to be great when he was a little boy. His father was a German wheelwright, and I dare say never meant him to be anything but a wheelwright either; but he showed such a taste for music and had so sweet a voice that it was quite clear he was meant for something different. When eight years old, we are told, he was chosen to be a chorister at St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, and music was thenceforward the business of his life.

"But while he was yet a lad he and one of his young companions set out on a little tour. There were no railroads in those days (for Haydn was born in 1752) and they were too poor to go by diligence, so they walked, carrying the few things they wanted in knapsacks. Of course they could not do without some music, so their flute went with them.

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**LUZIANNE COFFEE**

They had reached Italy, and while crossing the Apennines sat down to rest. It was hot, and I dare say they were weary, so the flute was brought out to refresh their spirits. The blue Italian sky was overhead and there were vineyards in the valley below. On the hill-side sheep were feeding, though they hardly noticed them, as Haydn began playing to his friend and himself.

But presently—would you believe it?—first one sheep lifted up his head to listen, then another; then the first drew a little nearer, the second nearer still, and the others all followed, and the whole flock stood as if spellbound around Joseph Haydn and his friend.

The boys were much astonished at this very unlooked-for behavior on the part of their dumb companions, and were still more so when they found that the sheep entered into the difference between the lively and the sad. For when Haydn played a plaintive air they drooped their heads in sympathy, and when he changed it into a cheerful strain they came closer still, and even rubbed against his legs to show their pleasure.—From the Young Christian Soldier.

#### HE DESIRED THE ORIGINAL.

A poor Irishman came to his priest and asked permission to read the Bible. "But," said the priest, "the Bible is for priests, and not for other people."

"Is that so?" answered he. "But I have read in the Bible, 'Thou shalt teach it to thy children'; and priests have no children."

"But, Michael," said the priest, "you can not understand the Bible. It is not written for people like you."

"Ah, your reverence, if I can not understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I do understand of it does me a great deal of good."

"Listen, Michael," said the priest; "you must go to church, and the church will instruct you; the church will give you the pure milk of God's Word."

"But where does the church get this if not out of the Bible? Ah, your reverence, pardon me, but I would rather have the cow myself."—Exchange.

**Photographer:** "Now, sir, if you'll look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, and a little more as though you'd just been left a legacy, you'll be a picture."—New Yorker.